Signed: The Sound Five (Six)

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Summary: In what is to be a gift, Orochimaru gives his top shinobi a journal to write thoughts and discussions in. What sort of shenanigans could possibly occur? Find out in the journal of the Sound Ninja Five (Or Six, as Ukon would like to remind you.) Special thanks to The Kazekage of Suna for allowing permission to use her idea! Rated T for mature language and references.

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A/N: Welcome to a new, sorta story, that's also not very new, since the idea has been done, albeit with different characters. That aside this is an idea I've had on the backburner ever since reading The Kazekage of Suna's "Signed From:" stories, as well as johnsonmiranda70's "Tantalizing Tales" story. Huge thanks to Kaze for giving me permission to do this story. Let's get right into this!

Key:

Kimimaro
>JirÅ•bÅ•
**_Kidomaru_
>Tayuya
>{Sakon}
[Ukon]

* * *

><p>April 19-<p>

Lord Orochimaru decided to buy us a journal so we could write our thoughts down, discuss missions and communicate more. I suppose it's supposed to be in order for us to bond and work as a team more?

* * *

><p>{I can't say that I'm too into this idea, I don't feel that there's much we need to discuss, or anything that really happens at

the village to talk about. What do you think, brother?}<p>

* * *

><p>[I have better ideas of how I could be spending my time over writing in a diary.]<p>

* * *

><p>Let me guess, sleeping?

* * *

><p>[Don't make me kill you, you six armed freak.]<p>

* * *

><p>Coming from the weirdo who's so lonely he's always inside his brother? That's rich!

* * *

><p>[Would you prefer it if I entered your body and snuffed out every last cell in you?]<p>

* * *

><p>I'd like to see you try and not get an arrow lodged in your skull!

* * *

><p>Both of you, stop it, that is an order.<p>

* * *

><p>I'm with Kimimaro here. Can't we all just get along?

* * *

><p>Oh can it, lardass. It's bad enough I'm sharing a book with that married couple and the rest of you lot, I don't need to be reminded that I'm touching something your greasy hands were on.

* * *

><p>{I can tell already that this is going to be an interesting experience.}<p>

* * *

><p>Why the fuck did Lord Orochimaru think this was a good idea to begin with? That bastard doesn't give a shit about us most of the time, so what's the point of this?

* * *

><p>Tayuya.<p>

* * *

><p>What?

* * *

><p>Lord Orochimaru has entrusted us to communicate and write in this journal. We are not to go against his wishes. There will be consequences and I wish to not let Lord Orochimaru down.<p>

* * *

><p>There he goes, still sucking Snake Lord's snake.

* * *

><p>Tayuya. You know very well that unlike Kidomaru and Ukon I will go through with my death threats. I would suggest not testing my patience.<p>

* * *

><p>Maybe we oughtta call it a day before this gets outta hand.

* * *

><p>{For once, JirÅ•bÅ• is being the smart one of the group, how very amusing.}<p>

* * *

><p>Hey!

* * *

><p>Right, we shall continue this another day, provided that I decide to spare Tayuya.<p>

* * *

><p>Jackass.

* * *

><p>We shall continue this discussion in the battlegrounds.<p>

Until Tomorrow,

The Sound Five.

* * *

><p>[Sound Six, actually.]<p>

End
file.